

[Makes Me Cry](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Achilles is Suffering, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Bad Sex, Established Relationship, Humor, Implied Sexual Content, Interrupted Sex, M/M, Onion the Chihuahua

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Patroclus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2022-02-07

Updated: 2022-02-07

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:48:02

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,491

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Achilles goes over to his boyfriend's house for the first time, and finds out a few things in very short order.

One: Patroclus has a dog named after Achilles' least favorite vegetable.

Two: Onion's new favorite hobby is giving Achilles death-glares.

Three: Said death-glares are really ruining the mood.

Makes Me Cry

Author's Note:

Thank you to all the wonderful people of the Trojan Horse party who helped to develop Onion the Murder Chihuahua, you're all extremely good and this nonsense wouldn't exist without you.

this one gets an M rating because although sex is intended to happen, Onion has other plans.

"Tell me," Achilles said, fitting himself neatly into the warm spot at Patroclus' back, eyes closed against the morning light spilling in through his curtains, "why is it that we never go to yours after a date?"

Patroclus was pretending to be asleep, although he'd just woken Achilles with his wonderful hands and a remark that Achilles was a lucky man, because Patroclus was not a morning person in the slightest but he'd suspended his moratorium on morning sex for Achilles.

"Pat. I know you're awake."

"Who's to say I wasn't going back to sleep?" Patroclus said. "And anyhow, I recall you saying *'mine's closer, I want to have you, already'.*"

He had said that last night, hadn't he?

He'd said that on multiple occasions, actually.

"If you want to see my home, you need only ask. I'm not averse to having men I'm seeing over. Besides, I know you're not allergic to dogs." He rolled onto his back but continued to lie there with his eyes closed even as he spoke, as if Achilles was the only thing keeping him awake. "Once I dated a man who started sneezing every time he came into my apartment. That didn't last long."

Achilles thought of the sweet basset hound mix Patroclus had when they were in high school. She loved to lay with her head in his lap for hours, and sometimes she would lay draped across them both like a blanket. "You don't still have Blueberry, do you?"

"Mmn, no. Blueberry passed on to the canine afterlife years ago. I have adopted a son. He's a chihuahua. Stop laughing."

Achilles couldn't keep himself from chuckling at the idea of Patroclus, who was a large man by any definition, with a miniature dog. "Can you fit him in one hand?"

"He's not that small," Patroclus said, finally opening his weary eyes. He had such pretty dark eyes, Achilles' laughter had to stop because his heart went into his throat. Sometimes he couldn't believe Pat had not only come back into his life, but had ended up in his bed somewhere along the line. "I'm sure you would like to meet him, though. He's very sweet." He stroked Achilles' hair, easing the wild mass of it off his shoulder.

"I'd love to," Achilles said.

"Then come over sometime. I'll show you my bedroom." Patroclus' hand wound around his hair like he was going to tie it into a ponytail, and he used his grasp to tug Achilles' head back.

Achilles immediately forgot all about Pat's house and Pat's dog. This was the forefront of his existence. Patroclus kissed his neck, his throat, over several marks he'd left last night. Later, Achilles would have to either cover with a slightly-too-warm turtleneck or endure commentary from all his coworkers.

For now, he enjoyed the slight irritation of Patroclus' beard scraping over the marks on his neck, and pressed closer for more of the sensation. "Oh! Pat, please—"

The alarm on his phone rang, and this was the *'get up or else you will be late and Agamemnon will fire you'* alarm. Achilles swore beneath his breath, pushing on Pat's shoulder.

"Time to kick me out?" Patroclus asked.

"No. Not if you promise to lock the door behind you when you go." Achilles got out of bed, going with the unseasonably warm turtleneck. He really didn't need Odysseus' shit.

"I am going to get off in your bed," Patroclus told him, leaning back on Achilles' pillows like he owned the place. "Have fun picturing that at your stuffy old office."

Picturing that at his stuffy old office would be torturous, actually. Even just the thought of it sent a bolt of heat down Achilles' spine. He wanted to climb back into bed, to tell Patroclus to just take him again.

He got into the shower instead.

— — —

Patroclus sent him several photos he could not open while he was at work.

Once Achilles returned home, he sent several photos of his own in retaliation, sprawled out in the same bed Patroclus had been pleasuring himself in that morning.

Then, Patroclus asked Achilles if he might come over for dinner on Friday. *'I promise you I've improved my cooking skills since we almost burned down your father's house when we were 15.'*

Achilles was happy to accept that invitation, and two days later, he found his way through rush-hour traffic and into the quiet neighborhood where Pat lived.

He'd discovered he was slightly more anxious than he had been prior to their other dates. Perhaps it was the formality of going to Pat's house for dinner, rather than their usual 'meet downtown and we'll see what happens' sort of evening. Perhaps it was the flowers he'd brought. Were flowers too much? Did Pat even like flowers? He'd not gone with something

ostentatious like a bunch of red roses; they were mostly blues and purples which fit Patroclus' sensibilities better.

Should he have gone with roses?

He arrived neatly on time but would have been early if he hadn't stopped on impulse at the florist. Finding a place to park on such narrow residential streets could easily have been a bit of a nightmare, but thankfully there was a space available across the road. Pat's apartment was on the center floor of a three-story brick townhouse, and had a charming front porch decorated with a doormat that read 'GO AWAY' in thick black letters.

Ignoring the doormat, Achilles knocked, which set off barking from somewhere inside the house. Patroclus answered the door a moment later, dressed much more casually than Achilles, in a simple, pale pink T-shirt and dark jeans, cuffed at the ankles. Achilles immediately decided he liked Pat like this: comfortable in his own space, his feet bare and his hair messily tied back. He gave Achilles a quiet greeting, a gentle kiss, and an approving smile as he accepted the bouquet.

"I would say you needn't have gone to the trouble," Patroclus said, "but I like these, so I'm glad you did." He disappeared further into the house and Achilles followed him through the living room, a hallway so short it was square, a dining room, and into the kitchen. "I don't have a vase, but I think this will suit." Patroclus took down an antique pitcher from atop the cabinets, setting it under the tap to fill it with water.

The barking was ongoing from behind a closed door in the hallway. "I take it your son is not joining us for dinner?" Achilles asked.

"He gets underfoot while I cook, but he'll be quiet in a moment," Patroclus said, depositing the flowers into the brass pitcher and handing it to Achilles. "Set that on the kitchen table, please, my dear."

They had been seeing one another for a few months, but it was still new enough that little endearments like that thrilled Achilles. He was smiling as he placed the flowers in the center of the square table that took up the dining room.

When he ducked his head back into the kitchen, he was halted from approaching by a sharp noise from Patroclus. "This place is lacking in kitchen space and I'm almost done," Patroclus said. "I mean it when I say it's not big enough for the two of us."

He was correct; the galley kitchen was so small you could practically reach everything in it without taking a step, all you had to do was rotate between the stove on one side and the sink and countertops on the other. Achilles, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible, leaned against the wall.

"What are you making?" he asked.

"Nothing fancy," Patroclus assured him. "I'll save that for your birthday. Now, sit down, I'll bring everything out."

Dinner turned out to be a relatively simple pasta dish, with a garlic butter sauce and shrimp and vegetables all mixed in. The impressive bit was that it had all been cooked perfectly and seasoned perfectly as well. Achilles used to be a relatively picky eater when they were children, but as an adult, he could certainly appreciate this, and he could certainly tell that Patroclus had been underexaggerating when he said he had 'improved' in the kitchen.

Patroclus had also been underexaggerating when he said that his dog would be quiet after a moment. It was true that he calmed down a bit once the sounds of the kitchen had quieted, but the growls and barks would start back up whenever Achilles spoke too loud. It was as if there was a little guard dog in the other room and he thought Achilles a terrible intruder.

Achilles spoke quietly on the most part, to deter this. Patroclus could still hear him perfectly well, as they were seated side by side, because the bouquet in the middle of the table would be impossible to look at one another over.

The close proximity also meant Patroclus was trying to poke at Achilles' feet with his own every so often. He did it without any sign on his face that he was aware of his own actions, although he had to be, the scoundrel. Achilles kicked him in the ankles for it, and Patroclus pouted, and said he did not deserve such treatment.

Achilles had mostly forgotten about the dog by the time dinner ended. He had completely forgotten about the dog by the time he went to wash up, because when he took both their plates into the kitchen, Patroclus apprehended him and banished all other thoughts from his mind.

Patroclus pressed up against Achilles' back and tucked his face into the crook of Achilles' neck, breathing him in and winding his arms around his waist. "I have you," he announced.

"So you do," Achilles said. "Would you elaborate what you're going to do with me?"

"Hm. There are ever so many options," Pat said. "But before I have my way with you, I do have to let Onion out of the office and feed him." He kissed the side of Achilles' head and then loosened his hold, stepping away.

"*Patroclus*." Achilles frowned. "I don't believe you."

"What?"

"His name is *Onion*?" Achilles asked, which only prompted laughter from Patroclus.

"I didn't name him that, I simply kept what they called him at the shelter." He reached into one of the kitchen cabinets and pulled out a square container, the sort you were supposed to put baking supplies in, which was filled with dog food. "Stay here, if you meet him right after he eats he'll be happier, I think."

He walked toward the closed door, opening it with a little whistle and a click of his tongue, and Achilles heard little paws clicking on the hardwood as a small dog came out of the room, wagging his tail at Patroclus and moving his whole body with the action. He was very cute, all white and dressed in a handsome blue collar.

"Yes, you will be much happier after you eat." Most people had those voices they used to talk to animals, all cute and high-pitched, but while Pat's

tone was a bit brighter, he addressed the dog as if he was talking to a regular human person.

"You know how I feel about onions," Achilles said.

His voice, although not particularly loud, got Onion's attention, and he stopped in his tracks, turning to face Achilles and staring him down with confusion bordering on anger. He growled, and Patroclus shook his head, clicking his tongue again and crouching to set the bowl of food down to distract the dog.

"That's not how we treat a guest, Onion. And yes, Achilles, I am aware of your distaste for certain vegetables and no, I did not consider them when adopting a dog." He stood again, approaching the kitchen entryway and leaning against the doorframe, his stance making him fill up the door and showing off the breadth of him and the muscle in his arms. "You'll have to forgive me, I'd not seen you for about eight years at that point, and the name fit my trend of dogs named after food."

This was true, there had been Blueberry, and when they were even younger he'd had two black dogs named Kit and Kat. "I'll forgive you," Achilles said, stepping closer, pushing off the counter to approach him. "But only as I've got more important things to do with you than arguing about your dog's name."

"Oh?" Patroclus cocked his head with the question. "I wasn't aware we had plans. I was inviting you to my house for dinner under completely innocent pretenses."

Achilles was about to tell him *exactly* what he planned to do with him, when a tiny white fuzzball appeared between Pat's feet and yapped at Achilles, making him jolt back a step.

"Onion, I do not understand the reason for this outburst," Patroclus said, still perfectly even, making Achilles wonder if he would talk to a baby like this, too. "Come now, my boy. We'll put you in the yard for a bit and you'll be happy." He scooped the dog up and carried him under his arm like a

football, headed toward the front door. Achilles followed, until he realized Onion was craning around to continue growling at him.

Pat's front yard had a low wooden fence around it, which Achilles didn't think would keep any dog inside, but Onion was small enough that he probably couldn't jump that high. After he shooed the dog out the door, Achilles approached him again, and Pat gave him a funny look, shaking his head.

"What? Achilles asked him.

"Nothing," Pat said, taking a seat on the living room couch and beckoning for Achilles to join him. The couch was more of a loveseat, so Achilles found himself in Pat's lap, which was fine by him. "I just can't believe I'm seeing Achilles intimidated so badly by a little dog."

"The little dog hates me, to be fair," Achilles said.

"He doesn't hate you, he just needed attention. After he's fed and he's had his run-around, he'll be fine with you." Patroclus settled his hands on Achilles' hips. "Now. You were about to tell me all the dastardly things you wanted to do to me after I invited you to my home with nothing but pure-hearted—"

Achilles kissed him then, so forcefully Patroclus had to tip his head back against the arm of the couch. Patroclus didn't seem to mind this overmuch, he just held Achilles tighter and urged him closer, returning his kiss with exactly zero of the innocence he pretended at.

Things were just getting to Achilles' preferred flavor of messy when he heard a *thump* against the window.

He lifted his head, which only urged Pat to kiss his neck instead, but he stopped when Achilles froze solid as he finally got a glimpse out the window.

The front windows had a bit of a ledge to them, where there were several flowerpots, and, currently, one violently furious chihuahua. He wasn't

barking this time, just staring at Achilles with the wrath of a girlfriend who'd looked in the window to find her partner furiously kissing some other woman.

"Are you alright?" Patroclus murmured against his throat, because Achilles had frozen in place.

"Yes. Well. It's just, your *dog*."

Onion was still there, still glaring, so angry he was shaking with rage.

"What?" Patroclus didn't look up.

"He's in the window, glaring at us!"

Patroclus laughed so hard Achilles had to glare at *him*. "Very funny. There's no way Onion can jump that high."

"Yes, he can, he just—" Achilles lifted his head to gesture at the dog in question, but he'd vanished, and in the distance Achilles could see him trotting around the yard. "Well, he's gone now."

"Of course he's gone before I can get a look," Patroclus said, in a way that meant he did not believe Achilles for a second.

He pulled Achilles back in to kiss him, and Achilles decided everything would be fine, so long as he did not look out the window. Patroclus was distracting enough anyhow. He tugged at Achilles' shirt, untucking it from his pants, and set about pulling each button open while they kissed. He was a deft hand at this, moving from waistline to collar, and then snagging each of Achilles' hands to undo the buttons at his wrists and kiss over his pulse points. After he stripped the shirt from Achilles' shoulders and left him in the plain white tank top he wore underneath, he gathered Achilles close to his chest again, no longer trying to undress him, just kissing him longer.

Patroclus always felt remarkably sturdy beneath him. Achilles liked that he didn't have to worry about crushing him, he could just lean into him with all his weight. He liked him like this, comfortable on the couch. In Achilles'

own apartment, they always headed straight to the bedroom, having already worked one another up all evening, but here, they had the patience to take things slowly, enjoying the sensation of being with one another, the little things about one another they were steadily getting used to the longer they were together. Achilles, for one, liked the wispy smoothness of the thinner curls at Patroclus' temples, the particular push of his jaw as he kissed. The heat of his hands, always warm.

Those warm hands cupped either side of his face, bestowing even more kisses on him, and Achilles decided he never wanted to leave. They could just do this all night. They could do this forever.

There was a distinctive yap from outside.

And another.

Patroclus drew away. "I suppose he's done with his business out there, I ought to let him back in," he said, which required Achilles to climb off of him, which he was not particularly happy about.

He opened the door and Onion trotted in, looking pleased until he noticed that Achilles was still there. Then he was back at it with the staring and the shaking.

"He really doesn't like me," Achilles said.

"He's not always comfortable around new people," Patroclus replied. "Come with me, I don't think I've given you the full tour."

Achilles was loath to get up, until he realized that Patroclus was headed to the bedroom, stepping carefully around Onion with practiced paces that managed to avoid the little creature even when he was doing his best to be beneath Pat's feet. Achilles could absolutely follow him there. He picked up his shirt, draping it over the arm of the couch, and followed.

When he caught up to them, he hooked a finger through the belt loop on Patroclus' jeans to snag him, about to ask whatever became of his pure intentions, when there was a sharp, painful yelp from floor level.

"Oh! Achilles—he didn't mean to step on you, Onion," Patroclus said.

He didn't mean to, because he *didn't*. "I stepped around him," Achilles protested.

Onion was whining, his ears and tail drooping in the saddest little doggy face. Was he... faking it?

"It's easy to do, he's tiny. I've done it before." Patroclus bent down and scooped up the dog, who started wagging feebly as soon as he was in Pat's arms, looking beleaguered and sad. "And he's always underfoot."

"I didn't step on him."

"He's sorry, Onion." Pat petted his head, doling out sweet apologies that Onion absolutely did not deserve, for no wrongs were committed on Achilles' part.

"I swear, Pat."

"You probably just didn't notice. He's alright, he's not actually hurt, just dramatic." Patroclus hefted Onion onto his shoulder, and he snuggled in against Pat's neck.

Achilles swore that as Pat walked into the bedroom, his dog looked over his shoulder at Achilles with a smug grin. He opened his mouth, almost said '*Pat, I think your dog is trying to frame me,*' but realized it would sound ridiculous. "I certainly didn't mean to step on him," Achilles said, which was the maximum amount of fault he was willing to admit.

"Of course you didn't. See, Onion, it's fine." Pat flicked on the lamp on his bedside table and plopped Onion onto the bed, where he turned around in a circle before curling up. It was very sweet, but it also had Achilles standing beside the foot of the bed, giving them a dubious look.

"He's not going to stay there while we...?"

Pat shook his head. "He'll leave, he's polite like that."

Absolutely nothing about this dog made Achilles think of him as *polite*, but Pat was too tempting for Achilles to do anything but kiss him again. He didn't get on the bed to do it, just stood between Pat's legs and pulled him in again, picking up where they left off yet feeling even more distinctly observed.

When he flicked his eyes open for just a second, Onion was no longer curled up. His head was lifted and he was staring directly at Achilles.

"Pat, really, isn't it sort of odd to have your dog here?"

Patroclus turned his head and Onion curled back up immediately, his eyes closed. "He's asleep," Patroclus said. "It's not as if he even knows what's going on."

He knew *exactly* what was going on, but Achilles was going to sound like an insane person if he claimed such a thing. "Can he at least not sit on the bed? I can't really... I can't get in the mood with him here."

"Sure," Patroclus said, leaning over and nudging Onion. He trotted off the edge of the bed and hopped onto an antique trunk that sat along the foot of the bed, and then curled up on a pillow that must have been designated for him. "I forget you're not a dog person, Achilles."

"It's not that I'm not a *dog person*, I'm just not quite so used to them." Growing up, Achilles' father had always said they didn't need any more wild creatures in the home with Achilles around. After his father remarried, he and his husband had gotten a giant tuxedo cat named Maurice, but Achilles had moved out of the house by that point. He supposed his mother had that koi pond. Those weren't really equivalent, though. "Anyway, if I did have a dog, I wouldn't have him on my bed while I'm trying to seduce somebody."

"Who says I'm trying to seduce you?" Patroclus teased.

"Well, I'm not sure what else you think you're doing," Achilles said, allowing himself to be tugged down and thoroughly kissed again. Patroclus quite literally swept him off his feet, laying him on his back on the bed.

"You know what I think?" Patroclus straddled him, neatly undoing the clasp of Achilles' belt. "I think I don't have to try to seduce you." He paused with his thumb on Achilles' fly and glanced up at him. Achilles nodded, and Pat undid that, too.

"Are you calling me easy, Pat?"

"Yes," Patroclus said, going up on his knees for a second so that Achilles could kick off his trousers. He wasn't going to let Pat remove anything else until the room was dog-free, though. "You seem pretty easy to me."

"Says the man who rode me on the first date."

"I only did that after you sucked my cock."

Achilles sat up, grasping Pat's shoulders and pulling him down again. "Fine. I'm easy, when it comes to you."

"That's it." Patroclus' hands went to his waist, smoothing up and dragging Achilles' undershirt with. He bowed his head to kiss Achilles' chest, down the centerline of his sternum. This gentle, almost ticklish touch, accompanied by the brush of Patroclus' beard against his skin, was enough to drive Achilles crazy. He tipped his head back, gasping—

—and found the goddamn dog poking his head up over the edge of the bed and staring at him with even more contempt than he'd yet directed toward Achilles.

Any bit of arousal that had begun to bloom was stamped upon as Achilles was faced with that goggle-eyed little beast who looked like he wanted Achilles to vanish into the underworld at once.

"Patroclus." Achilles grasped the back of his neck. "Your dog. Is still. Looking."

Pat looked up, and this time, Onion did not duck back down and pretend to be sleeping. He put on a pitiful pout and leaned his chin on the edge of the bed, like he ever so desperately wanted to be near them. It would have been

cute, if his timing wasn't so awful, and if he hadn't just looked at Achilles like he wanted him dead.

"Aww. Poor little fellow. Why don't you just go to your chair in the living room, we'll be done in a bit."

"I was hoping you'd last longer than 'a bit'," Achilles joked, and the second his defenses were down, Onion tried to get on the bed. "Pat, please, this is ridiculous."

"Onion. Go," Pat said, more firmness in his voice this time.

Onion slouched away, hopping down off the bed and out the door. Finally, a bit of the tension in Achilles' spine loosened.

"There we go," Patroclus said. "Now it's just you and me."

"So it is. And you're still fully clothed, which is ludicrous."

Pat remedied this quickly, stripping off his shirt and then slipping off the bed so that he could take off his jeans, too. Achilles leaned on his elbow, lazily watching him bare himself more and more. He liked those shorts on Patroclus, baby blue boxer-briefs that had a few inches of split seams at his outer thighs showing even more skin. He'd like them even better on the floor.

But there would be time for that later.

"A-ah. Don't take those off," Achilles said. "I want to do that."

"Oh?"

"Thought I'd reenact our first date," Achilles suggested. "Unless you had other ideas."

"As much as I love your mouth..." Patroclus stepped closer to the bed, grabbing Achilles by the ankle and tugging him, pulling him a good six inches closer. *God*, the way he could move Achilles around like that made him shiver. Patroclus used his grip to do nothing more than take Achilles'

socks off. "I think that last I was in your bed, you mentioned something about wanting to see how well I can ride."

"Yes, yes, yes—" Achilles said, and Pat climbed into his lap, grinding down against him in a way that proved the answer was: very well, indeed. He ought to have taken off the boxers before Pat got into bed, but he liked grabbing the waistband and pulling him in by it, feeling the shape of him through thin fabric. "*Fuck*, you feel good. Let me—can you reach that?"

He was pointing at a bottle that was sitting very conspicuously on Pat's nightstand. "Yes, I've got it," Pat said, and when he leaned away, Achilles got a glimpse over his shoulder at the doorway.

More specifically: at the six-pound dog standing in the doorway.

"Get up and close your door," Achilles said. "Right now. Your dog is staring at me *again*."

Of course, because this dog was a master of stealth, when Pat turned, he was gone. "Achilles, really?"

"I'm serious!" Achilles said, but Pat did not get up and close his door, he just dropped the bottle of lube onto the bed and sat right back in Achilles' lap, straddling his thigh.

"Just stop focusing on what he's doing. He knows to stay away," Patroclus said, kissing Achilles' neck again, pulling his hair, which Achilles always liked.

His favorite sort of touches were thoroughly negated by Onion traipsing back around the doorframe to stare at them. He was no longer contemptuous, as if he knew Achilles would be even more disturbed by Onion looking at him with a completely benign doggy smile.

Achilles mouthed '*shoo!*' at their canine voyeur, but this was, as he had imagined, ineffectual. This was, Achilles realized, probably going to ruin his night.

"Are you alright?" Patroclus asked him.

This question came because Pat had started feeling him up. "Oh, I'm perfectly fine," Achilles grouched.

"You're not hard."

"Of course I'm not hard, your dog keeps staring at me."

"Okay," Patroclus said, slipping out of his lap and off the bed. "I'll shut the door, then, stop worrying."

Blessed relief followed the four steps Patroclus took to reach the bedroom door and the two seconds to swing it shut. Of course Onion had scampered away to look innocent, so he wasn't waiting just beyond the bedroom threshold while Patroclus shut the door, but Achilles could care less as long as the door was shut.

Patroclus returned to him, planting a hand on the center of his chest and pushing him back down onto the bed.

"Going to see what you can do to work me up?" Achilles asked.

"I think I know by now." When Patroclus was over him like this, it was as if the rest of the world disappeared. Achilles' vision was subsumed with his sweet face and his warm eyes, and he relaxed under Patroclus' hands, stroking down his chest, then plucking at the neckline of his undershirt. "Take this off for me. Let me see you."

Achilles pushed up to strip the shirt off, and it fell over the side of Pat's bed somewhere. Patroclus divested him of his boxers, but then specifically avoided anything below the waist, giving most his attention to Achilles' chest instead.

Achilles had Pat's mouth on his nipple and his hand on his opposite pectoral when the whining started up.

Onion. Of course.

Achilles groaned, frustration instead of arousal, and dropped his head back while Pat lifted his, Achilles' skin going cold where his lips had been.

"Shit," Pat muttered. "He probably thinks I'm trying to lock him out for the night."

Achilles was becoming less of a dog person every minute. The whining increased in volume.

"Onion," Patroclus called. "I'll let you back in when we're done."

How the *hell* was Achilles going to sleep here?

The crying did not cease. If anything, it became louder.

"*Onion*," Pat said again, with more force.

The crying stopped, thank god. Achilles still wasn't anywhere closer to getting it up, but that was another problem entirely. A problem Patroclus was intent on solving. He kissed Achilles, his hands making their careful, sensual way down again, and Achilles let Patroclus surround him and sweep him up again.

Nothing else existed.

Certainly no irritable, pint-sized dogs.

The very *instant* Patroclus got a hand between his legs, Onion started crying again.

Patroclus was the one to give a frustrated groan this time, leaning to rest his head on Achilles' chest. "I'm sorry," he said, even though he still did not admit to the full extent of Onion's crimes. "In case you can't tell, it's been a while since I've had a man over."

He got up and went to the door, opening it a crack and crouching down to have a very measured discussion with his dog while wearing only his underwear. Achilles tugged the throw blanket at the end of the bed over his

lap, ludicrously self-conscious about Pat's *dog*, of all creatures, seeing him naked and vulnerable.

"Pat," Achilles said, gently interrupting the one-sided conversation happening in the doorway. "It's alright. We don't have to—I'll go home for tonight, and we'll keep things a bit more subdued while we're here until he's used to me."

"That negates how badly I want you," Patroclus said. He returned his attention to Onion, telling him, "one moment, please. Just one, hush."

Onion quieted, but as soon as Patroclus closed the door, he began whining again, even more piteous than before (although Achilles was convinced this dog was a spectacular actor and was faking this all).

Patroclus flopped onto the bed beside Achilles with much less sensuality than he'd been displaying before, muttering, "am I seriously being cockblocked by my dog right now? Is that actually what is happening? Is that where I'm at in my life?"

"It does appear that way," Achilles sighed. Pat groaned again, the sound accompanied by scratching at the door. Achilles decided to put his clothes back on before this got even more ludicrous. As if that was even possible.

Patroclus apologized to him again, and then said, "you know, it's just that he isn't used to you. Once he's more accustomed, I'm sure he won't mind you coming around."

Achilles seriously doubted this, given that Pat's dog was a demon, but they could get to that (and to an exorcism) later.

For now, he let Pat walk him to his car, so that he could, at the very least, make out with him against the driver's side door until they got too cold and Achilles had to go home.

"Next time," Patroclus said, pulling away, breathless. "Next time, it's back to your place."

Author's Note:

Find me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#) or on my NSFW Twitter [@luddlessmut](#)